

A Reason in Rhyme.

By JAMES J. MONTAGUE.



A BIG buck Hippopotamus beheld with awe and respect
A lady Hippopotamus whose Graft was Intellect;
She spent her days in High-browed Thought, and had a mental slant
Toward Nietzsche, Schopenhauer, Fiske and Emerson and Kant.
For this fair Maid his passion grew, and yet, with many a Misan,
He mused upon the Uphill Job of making her his Own.
And so he joined a Browning Club and swallowed Ibsen whole,
In hope some day that he might be the Brother of her Soul.



A NOTHER Hippopotamus, who smoked a black Segar,
And thought Savonarola was some recent Pullman Car.
Was taken with the Maiden's Charms, but though he was Unfit,
The list of her Attainments did not set him Back a Bit.
Instead of Boning up on Greek or early Pagan Lore,
He bought her a Tarara at the Leading Diamond Store;
And while the other Fellow walked the Literary Beat,
He took her to the Theatre and after that to Eat.



IN time her Earliest Love returned, all Burnished in the Brain
To think with her in Unison upon the Higher Plane.
But when he spoke of Bernard Shaw, she murmured: "Who is he?
Dear Mary J. Correll is the Writing Girl for me!
Hall Caine is There with Nifty Talk, but Mary's Got him Sloughed;
My new Young Gentleman and I are reading her Aloud!
He couldn't reach my Mental Heights, so I was Busy Liz,
And getting onto Cupid's sled, tobogganed down to his!"

WHICH shows that Winning Ladies' Hearts, down to the tiniest Throb,
Is Easy for the Gentleman who stays right on the Job!

Maintaining His Argument.

One night at Brooks's when Coke was present Fox, in allusion to something that had been said, made a very disparaging remark about government powder. Adam, Attorney-General to the Prince of Wales, who heard it, considered it a personal reflection and sent Fox a challenge. The time appointed Fox went out and took his station, standing full face to his adversary. Fitzgibbon pointed out to him that he ought to stand sideways. "What does it matter?" protested Fox. "I am as thick one way as the other!" The signal to fire was given. Adam fired, but Fox did not. His seconds, greatly excited, told him that he must fire. "I'll be damned if I do!" said Fox. "I have no quarrel." Whereupon the two adversaries advanced to shake hands. Adam said Fox, complacently, "You'd have killed me if it hadn't been for the badness of government powder."—Bellman.

Last Chance.

Captain John E. Pillsbury said the other day in Washington of a recruit who could not shoot: "The sergeant tried the fellow first at 500 yards, and he failed to come within a mile of the target. Then he tried at 300 yards, then at 200, then at 100, and his last shot was worse. If possible, than his first. The sergeant looked at him disgustedly, got very angry, and, walking up close to him, shouted in his face: 'Attention! Fix bayonet! Charge the target! It's your only chance.'—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

The Point of View.

The countess has gone on her first shooting trip and stops at the gamekeeper's house for the night. "I have never heard the nightingales sing so loud," she remarked. "You can easily quiet them, my lady. I have put a bonfire or two by your ladyship's bedside."—Jugend.

Charity.

Charity begins at home, yet should not end there.—German Proverb.

Pills and Power.

By C. B. QUINCY.

A surgeon may be placed in command of the naval hospital ship Relief. General Leonard Wood was formerly an army surgeon.

WOULD you wear a flashing sword,
And be a brigadier,
And charge the hostile horde,
And fill the foe with fear;
Would you wear enough gold lace
Your uniform to fill,
Here's the way to get the place—
Learn to make a liver pill.

NEVER mind what guns are for,
How an army should be led;
Never mind the art of war,
Learn to feel a pulse instead.
If you can prescribe a dose
For a patient with the fever,
You'll be brigadier, or close,
With the aid of such a lever.

OR should you prefer the sea,
Want to run a navy ship,
Let the navigators be,
Learn the treatment for the grip.
Would you like a seadog live,
And defy the howling gale,
Learn the proper dope to give
When a patient's looking pale.

DO not study tide and stream
Or the way to shoot the sun;
A stimulant's as good as steam
If the engines will not run.
Can you write the doctor's "R,"
In prescribing draught or pill,
You're a thoroughgoing tar,
Just the man to fill the bill.

The Hall Room Boys.

They Make Themselves Agreeable, and Get Their Reward.

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An Example.

We are very much interested in the fact that the worst drunkard in the town has reformed. It's up to other men to quit some of their bad habits, for the town drunkard has demonstrated that it is possible for men to reform. The town drunkard is now a respectable citizen, and people are disposed to help him. The man formerly excited our disgust every time we met him; now he excites our admiration. He has demonstrated that he has good stuff in him. And he has been of benefit to other men; for one we intend to quit some of our bad habits because of his example. —Atchison Globe.

Looser Now.

A man used to stand in danger of getting a single hair on his coat, but he is fortunate these days if he gets away with out a string of curls. —Atchison Globe.

To-Day's Best Story

"O, you're killing me!" cried a male voice. "Have you no pity?" said Senator Foraker, telling his story of a sea-side hotel to illustrate hasty verdicts. "There followed a series of awful groans. Then: 'Stop! You are murdering me! I'm dying.' "For a little while the crowd outside heard feeble groans and moans. Then a wild shriek rang forth. "Murder! You've done it at last. You've killed me. Oh, I'm dying." "What deed is going on in there?" "There was a smothered laugh within; the door was opened instantly, and a young and pretty woman appeared. "Did the noise alarm you?" she said. "I've just been peeling off the shirt from my husband's sunburned arms." —

A Blue Sunday.

Two Highland farmers met on their way to church. "Man," said Donald, "I was wonderin' what you'll be askin' for you bit sheep over at yon steadin'?" "Man," replied Dougal, "I was thinkin' I was wantin' fifty shillin's for that sheep." "I'll tak' it at that," said Donald; "but, och, man, Dougal, I am awful surprised at you doin' business on the Sabbath." "Fustness!" exclaimed Dougal. "Man, sell in a sheep like that for fifty shillin's is no business at all; it's just charity!" —Argonaut.

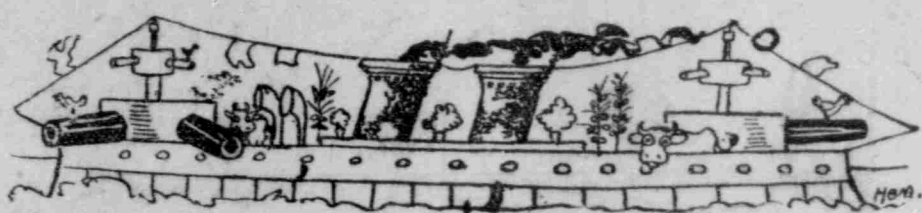
The Crowding Sex.

Young and beautiful, the wife of an American millionaire is alleged to find her only amusement in stealing. Even among millionaires we see the tendency of women to push men out of their jobs. —London Opinion.

To Rule the Seas.

Being the report of a special magazine writer upon the Navy, with his recommendations for its improvement.

By WEX JONES.



C O the Navigating Officer of McDoodle's Magazine:
Sir—Having spent several minutes upon the U. S. battleship Oklabaska, I must report the following grave defects in our navy:

First—The big guns make a most unpleasant bang and racket when fired. No attempt whatever is made to muffle the sound by placing a blanket over the muzzle, a method which a long experience in opening clandestine beer bottles convinces one would be effective.

Second—In heavy seas the ships roll in an exceedingly unpleasant manner, causing me to suffer from a most disagreeable feeling in the stomach. Nothing was done by the officers to lessen this movement; in fact, they hardly seemed to notice it. I suggested at the time that the crew should move the heavy guns to starboard when the ship showed an inclination to roll to port, and vice versa. My only answer was a supercilious smile from the captain.

Third—There is very little room on board the Oklabaska. It seems more space is devoted to the engines and coal bunkers than to the comfort of the officers. I had to sleep in an absurdly small bunk with no bathroom attached. Under such conditions no correspondent can do his best work.

I pointed out a very simple way of providing more space for bedrooms and sitting rooms; namely, do away with the engines, boilers and coal. Of course, it would then be necessary to have the ships towed, but this could be done easily enough and would have the further advantage of removing the sometimes unpleasant smoke to the far end of the towing hawser.

Fourth—No part of the deck is given up to the cultivation of vegetables, although the advantage of a small truck farm, especially on a long cruise, is obvious. The same omission to be noted with regard to chicken raucous, although one of the officers informed me that the Navy Department provides each ship with an aviary in which to keep flying fish.

There are many other things about our navy to be condemned, but the defects I have enumerated are the most glaring. Among the recommendations I have to make are these:

Ships should be painted in bright colors and not in monotonous white. A pink flagstaff leading a line of blue, red, green and orange ships would impress foreign seamen. Ships in disgrace for any reason could be painted in stripes.

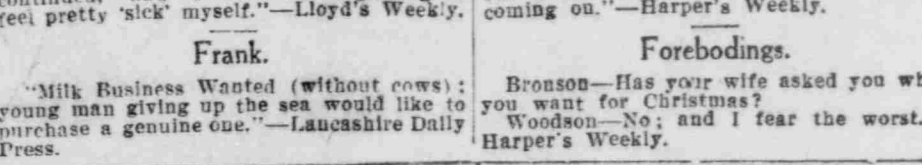
There is also room for more artistic treatment of the masts and funnels. The funnels should have artistic cornices, while creepers should be trained to grow up the masts.

Coaling ship is a mighty dirty and uncomfortable proceeding as at present carried on. If the coal were delivered in small paper bags or cartons there would be little, if any, dust.

Life would be more cheerful aboard our ships if we enlisted only men able to double in brass.

Many other recommendations might be made, but I doubt if any of the ships now constructed are worth remodeling.

DICK DEADEYE.



Force of Seas.

The oceans occupy three-fourths of the surface of the earth. A mile down in the sea the water has a pressure of a ton to every square inch. If a box six feet deep was filled with sea water, which was then allowed to evaporate, there would be two inches of salt left in the bottom of the box. Taking the average depth of the ocean to be three miles, there would be a layer of salt 440 feet thick covering the bottom. In case all the water should evaporate. In many places, especially in the far North, the water freezes from the bottom upward. Waves are deceptive things. To look at them one would gather the impression that the whole water traveled. This, however, is not so. The water stays in the same place, but the motion goes on. In great storms waves are sometimes forty feet high, and their crests travel fifty miles an hour. The base of a wave (the distance from valley to valley) is usually considered as being fifteen times the height of the wave. Therefore a wave twenty-five feet high would have a base extending 375 feet. The force of waves breaking on the shore is seventeen tons to the square inch.—Washington Herald.

Joining the Great.

An Oxford undergraduate was reciting a memorized oration in one of the classes in public speaking. After the first two sentences his memory failed and a look of blank despair came over his face. He began as follows:

"Ladies and Gentlemen—Pitt is dead. Fox is dead. Gladstone is dead." He forgot, he hesitated for a moment, and continued, "and—I—I—I am beginning to feel pretty 'sick' myself."—Lloyd's Weekly.

Frank.

"Milk Business Wanted (without cows): young man giving up the sea would like to purchase a genuine cow."—Lancashire Daily Press.

Clews.

The French newspapers related the other day that Conan Doyle, the great "Sherlock Holmes" man, arrived at Paris from Marseilles and Lyons. The cabman who brought him from the station to the hotel addressed him by his name. Doyle was surprised and asked how he knew. The cabman replied that he had read in his paper that the famous Conan Doyle would come to Marseilles and Lyons, and he had observed at once that the stranger's hair was cut by a Marseilles barber, and that on the heel of his left shoe was dirt from Lyons. Doyle was highly satisfied to see that his "Sherlock Holmes" method proved so successful. The next detective mind then asked whether there was still another symptom which had led to his recognition. "Yes," said the cabman, "your full name is painted on your trunk." —Argonaut.

Making Room.

"I am not like the Italian Admiral, L'Herminier," said Marconi. "L'Herminier went on, 'had won many battles and great renown, and at a ball given in his honor one lady said to another: 'The admiral is getting fat.' Otherwise he wouldn't be able to wear all his medals.'"—Washington Star.

Hard to Guess.

Stranger: "My friend, why are you swearing so?"

Cussily: "Why? Because of a blank fool of a doctor. I got some pills for a pain in my back, and the directions read: 'Take one a half hour before you feel the pain coming on.'—Harper's Weekly.

Forebodings.

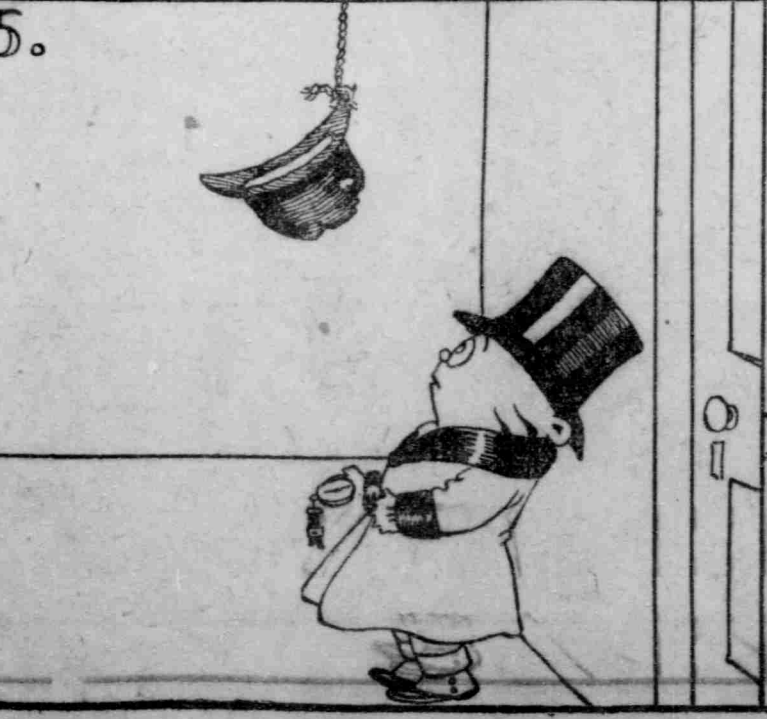
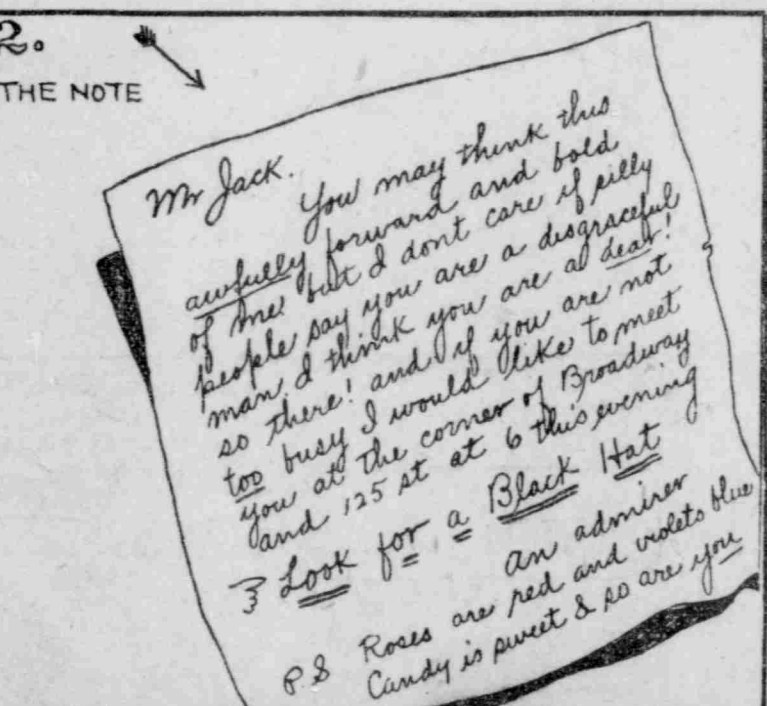
Bronson: "Has your wife asked you what you want for Christmas?"

Woodson: "No, and I fear the worst." —Harper's Weekly.

Mr. Jack.

By James Swinnerton.

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Tommy Todd— He Writes to His Uncle Jack

By WEX JONES.

D EER UNKEL JACK u The white shows you Gav me for a pet an itt run away an The cat run after itt bott the mows goed In2 A hole an The Cat coodent catch itt wel now pop Hee is mad hee sez evry plase 1 Go 1 find white mowes thre; he hows they eet upp evry thing

ours Is The only hows with Walte mowes in itt jams jonsun is Ma; they have nun Inn his hows

I saw A a u t o m o b i l e in a store winds muther sne! That long wordd I like them they gos Fast muther sez doo knot Ask peepel for things I Amm Knot ask a butt I Will rite 1 meen rigit 2 Sasty Klaws for 1 I like them

deer unkel jack pop sez Hee wishes a wood cum an talk Bak yure mow. an All its relashuns hee sez mister. nowm nowm talk bak The bool dog hee sez Hee will hav itt bid Inn the seller pop sez Hee will kill itt muther coodent malk Out where the stalk for dinner an A pl Went I doped itt down 2 the bool dog itt se the pl mifelt didd u notiss The awto muther is out I cant Spel the rest in the windo Or the store I hope Sasty wll sea itt wll I sav the life of mi bool dog itt se face lse Bent butt its A fatheful dum broot Tommy

deer unkel jack the bool dog Is in the Kitchen eetin chicken pop patt; itt hed an sed nobel anmuel a Hav send us itt butt a burglar Last nite itt cot him an Bitt him in the seller On the legg wee found 1 bitt of his pants pop sed The bool dog Is A nobel watchdog an Gards us with itt life A lessun 2 limit tate

deer unkel I like awtos doo u iff they woodent itt In2 A stockin Wood Sasty leave them iff Hee woodent I dont want 1 I want Any things wll itt in deer unkel doo knot forget Tommy

deer unkel jack pop kicked att The bool dog butt missd Him hee sez itt Is A wuthless broot; that bites the trowsers that feeds itt

the bool dog had Gott out Of the seller an s... A par of pops own pritz an took them 2 The seller 2 wurry I am itt was Knot A burglar att itt att itt Is knot A nobel watch dog anny more Butt a dashed murr I hav itt Hld in A chise klosset now The awto dont cot Verry much the Kind I meen Tommy